

YOU TYRANTS OF ENGLAND

You gentlemen and tradesmen who ride about at will
Look down on these poor people it's enough to make you crill
Look down on these poor people as you ride around the town
I think there is a God above will bring your pride quite down

Chorus

*You tyrants of England your race may soon be run
You may be brought unto account for what you've sorely done*

You pull down our wages so shamefully to tell
You go into the markets and say you cannot sell
And when that we do ask you when these bad times will mend
You quickly give an answer when the wars are at an end

When we look on our poor children it grieves our hearts full sore
Their clothing it is worn to rags while we can get no more
With little in their bellies as they to work must go
While yours do dress as manky as monkeys in a show

You go to church on Sundays I', sure it's nowt but pride
There can be no religion when humanity's thrown aside
If there be a place in heaven as there is in the Exchange
Our poor souls must not come near there like lost sheep they must range

You say that Bonaparty he's been the spoil of all
And that we have got reason to pray for his downfall
But Bonaparty's dead and gone and it is plainly shown
That we've got bigger tyrants and Boney's of our own

And now my lads for to conclude it's time to make an end
Let's hope that we can form a plan that these bad times may mend
Then give us our old prices as we have had before
So we can live in happiness and rub off the old score.

Traditional: Arranged Coe, Peters, Smyth

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